20c per copy
$2.00 [illegible] year

APRIL, 1950

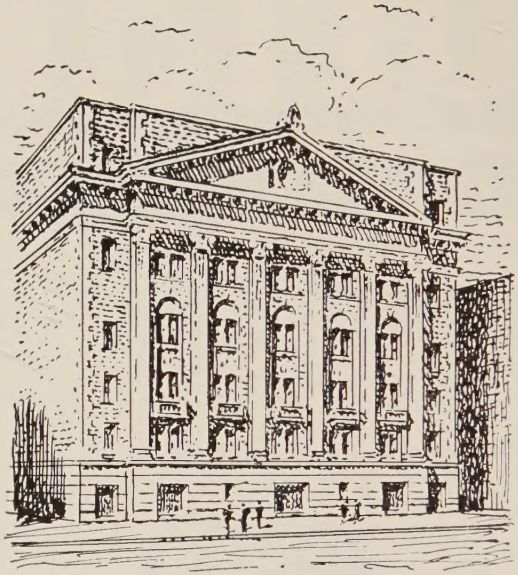
The Liberalist

UBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Bradley

26th

Anniversary



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII **April, 1950** *Number 1*

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan

* * *

EASTER SUNDAY, April 9

Four Great Services

9:00 a.m.—"INTO A GARDEN"

11:00 a.m.—"INDESTRUCTIBLE LIFE"

3:30 p.m.—"HERE I STAND"
New Members to be Received
Christening Service for Children

7:30 p.m.—"WHY I BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY"

Closing Sunday evening service

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

INVITES YOU

To Share the Lenten Season With Us

Hear

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

In Vital Subjects

PALM SUNDAY, April 2

11:00 a.m.—"A Procession vs. a Program"
7:30 p.m.—"Jesus at the Gates of Chicago"

HOLY WEEK—April 3 to 7
Loop Services
Erlanger Theatre
127 N. Clark St.
Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40

THEME: "A FAITH TO LIVE BY"

Monday —"What Is Faith?"
Tuesday —"Have You Lost Faith?"
Wednesday—"How Faith Can Heal"
Thursday —"Faith and Comunion"
Friday —"Faith and a Cross"

CHURCH SERVICES

Peoples Church
Lawrence at Sheridan
Every Night—8 o'clock

THEME: "FAITH IN A MODERN WORLD"

Monday —"Faith and Social Changes"
Tuesday —"Faith in an Age of Atomic Energy"
Wednesday—"Faith in a Book"
Thursday —"Memory and a Great Faith"
Friday —"When Faith Fled"

All Sunday Morning Services Broadcast by WJJD

"WE DO KNOW"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
An Easter Sermon

THROUGHOUT all the centuries I don't suppose there has ever been a year in which the Easter event has been commemorated when Easter was any more needed, or when it was a greater occasion for the observance of Easter. Certainly not in my lifetime do I remember that the mood and the temper and the spirit of the people was any more in the valley and was any more worried and concerned about the immediate, as well as the future. We are all pretty much worried these days and there is a great deal to worry about. I never remember when international relations created a greater challenge for diplomats and political leaders of the nations than now. I never remember when conditions were more fragile. I never remember when people were more concerned about something called "security" in maintaining the equilibrium and stability of our modern industrial and economic life. I never remember when people were more concerned and worried about the morals of people. I never remember when there were so many evidences of tragic matters and affairs occurring every hour that have a tendency to arouse within us all great moments of concern. We are all pretty much a worried people. It is pretty much a worried world. We are worried in an infinite number of ways.

Now, what a great year for Easter. If everything was going along smoothly and everything was working in perfect harmony, and everything was in a lovely condition and we had no anxiety or worry at all, Easter could not mean half as much as it does today. The reason this is such a great year for Easter is because it is in the midst of a test of the philosophy of the person or a civilization, that their real stability and their real strength is revealed.

You know George Bernard Shaw said a lot of very brilliant things, and not very long ago he said, "If all the other planets are inhabited, then this earth must be their insane asylum." I think there are reasons for his making such a deduction, but the difficulty is that he does not know anything about Easter. George Bernard Shaw has not any conception of what Easter is all about.

Now you know if there is any occasion in a minister's life when he wants to preach a great sermon it is when he has a great congregation. That is the occasion when he wants to make a contribution and say something so that people will say, as they go out, "Well, that was rather interesting, was it not? I think I would like to go back and hear what that preacher is going to say about something else." Any preacher who has had that challenge for thirty-seven years, and tries to say something new, on Easter, is just up against the greatest challenge that he has had to face.

There are lots of people who say they have commercialized Easter. They want people to go around with expressions on their faces as though their last hope was dying, speaking in a sepulchral, mausoleum tone about everything. I don't believe in that at all. Easter is the antidote for every dis-

couraging fear that can take possession of the human mind. Easter stands up and says to every evil man in history, "You are not eternal and you are not going to last!" Easter says that you cannot kill goodness and you cannot stop Christ. Easter says that there never was a dream or hope that the human heart ever had that can be permanently destroyed. That is the message of Easter, and that's why the people respond to Easter as they do.

Now, just look at you this morning. Here is this great Church seating more than 1700 people . . just look at it this morning, look at all the people, the great throng of people. That's wonderful, and what a remarkable Church this must be, and what a great preacher it must have that it can give you enough religion on one Sunday morning in the year to last most of the year! Why, I think that's a great tribute to this Church; I think it is a great tribute to the preacher. Here I stand three times every week in this pulpit—three times every week all winter long pounding away, preaching away, and I have this great congregation on an Easter Sunday morning, and you will not be back until next Easter! Just think how good this service must be, think how remarkable this Church must be, that you come just once and you get momentum enough to carry you right through the year!

You know there are a lot of preachers who get up and scold an Easter audience. One of them recently told me, "I'll tell you, Doctor Bradley, when I get up in my pulpit Easter Sunday morning with the Church crowded, and it is never crowded at any other time, I am going to tell those people something; I am going to give it to them!" He was getting belligerent and scolding those people. I said, "You should not do that—" I don't believe in scolding a great congregation; I am so glad to see every one of you; I am so happy that you have come to Church on this Easter morning. You have just lifted me up and inspired me. I am happy that you are here. If I cannot get you every Sunday in the year I am glad that I can get you on Easter Sunday; that in itself is quite encouraging.

What is the great fundamental, elemental truth of this Eastertime? Only two things, two philosophies. You are either Easter, or you are anti-Easter—there is no neutral territory, no middle ground; you are either Easter or anti-Easter. If you are anti-Easter you are grounded in a materialistic philosophy that has failed to discover the meaning of life. If you are anti-Easter you are trying to analyze creation, human life, development, ideals, hopes, struggles of men in terms of finality; and in a country where we accuse ourselves, and justly so, of destroying the potentiality of our own resources God would become the greatest waster that the mind of man could conceive if the human mind, heart, and intellect became realities, and then had a few years of pilgrimage on an earth, and a materialistic, meaningless universe was all there was to it; what a waster He would be, what a waster! Any idea of God that would think of that, just makes God out a waster. I could never worship any God like that. I would not want to have anything to do with Him. I would not have any confidence or faith in Him. The creation of the human mind, the heart, the universe constantly modifying and changing, why, the very principle of constant creation which is existent in the universe is in itself an affirmation that we are in a spiritual universe: that is very true. Millions of years ago when the waters of the sea covered the earth sharks took command of all life under water, and you would suppose the mighty destroying shark, the most po-

tential thing under water, was going to go on supreme and eternal, while you would have to crawl out on the river bank out of the slime where there was a continuity of life, where there was an adaptation which was lacking in that soil under the water, and adjusting yourself to air, live above water and manifest yourself in the intelligence of man and in the dignity and greatness of the human personality. That shark that thought it would last and destroy the life of the sea was itself destroyed and no longer exists, while man has been going on readapting himself with recreative forces into a finer and better universe in which to live. If you don't accept that, you are anti-Easter.

The same thing is applicable to the principle of human nature and to man, when man, in the early days, thought he was living on a plane resting on the back of a turtle and that's all there was to any conception of the cosmos. Now man knows that he is whirled around the sun 600 million miles every year and the whole planetary system is opened up to his comprehension, the principle of relativity and physics. Man has opened up an entirely new universe, and is going on reaching out in the dignity of his own intellectual development. That is the meaning of Easter! That the spirit of progress is a continuing spirit in the world and you cannot explain that on any other basis except by the introduction of God and the undying quality of the eternal. Man goes on. A great scientist the other day made a statement that I repudiate with all the limitations of my intellectual understanding of it. He uttered this sentence: "Man is an ethical animal in an unethical universe." So that's it, is it? That's where we are! Ethical animals in an unethical universe; a universe that has not one single ethical principle in it, said this scientist. I am not a scientist and not much of a philosopher and also less of a theologian, but I want to say to that scientist that in spite of that, if he will give me the opportunity and keep his mind open I think I can prove to him what sophistry, what ridiculousness, what absurdity is in that statement. In a universe where Schubert at the age of thirty-one died and left an Unfinished Symphony, where Corot, the greatest of all the French painters, died at seventy-seven saying, "If I had a few more years to live I could really paint a great picture"; while William James, one of the greatest of American philosophers, who in the early years of his academic career refuted any idea of the continuing spirit of the human soul, when it came to the end of his great life and he realized that there were but a few hours left, he called in his dearest friend and said to him, "Look, I have been all wrong. I believe in the continuity now of the human soul. I believe in it now."

And his friend said, "Why, Professor James, why? Because you are going to die?" "No," Professor James replied, "because I am just learning how to live." In a universe where values die? In a universe where the things that create significance for the universe perish? What a tragic universe that would be. I don't believe a word of it. I am not anti-Easter, I am Easter.

What does Easter say this blessed morning on which I am preaching this sermon? Leaden skies? Sure. Snow? Of course. Rain? Yes. Cold? Yes. What has that got to do with Easter? Beyond and above and over all appearance there is a continuing reality. That sky yonder is just as blue as it ever was. Nothing is ever going to happen to it, nothing! That sun that

(*Continued on page* 21)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service—(From November to Easter) ..... 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley ..... 8:00 p.m.
(From November to Easter)
Woman's Club—(April 10th and 24th)—Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, April 11th and 25th,
Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Men's Club (fourth Monday of each month) March 28th,
Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players—Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., MIchigan 2-3105
Drama Teas, 1st Sunday of the month, Anderson Hall ..... 4:00 p.m.
Auditions, 1149 N. LaSalle St., 3rd Sunday ..... 3:00 p.m.
Plays, three performances each month at
Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.
Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee, 3:00 p.m.
Channing Club (young people of High School age)
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall .... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon ... 3:00 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon ..... 8:00 p.m.
Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall .. 7:00 p.m.

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER

Do you read the Christian Register? Would you like to subscribe to this magazine, the Unitarian denominational journal? Many Unitarians have come to regard the Register as their link with the spirit and action of Unitarians across the country. Not only will you find articles by our ministers and laymen which are stimulating and provocative but many well-known persons outside the denomination contribute to the Register. Such persons as Bishop Oxnam, Lillian Smith, Albert Schweitzer have written stimulating articles.

News of other churches, the district conferences, a full report of the May Meetings (annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association), book reviews and one of the best features of all, the letters to the Editor—always fascinating reading and typically Unitarian!

If you would like to subscribe to the Register, see May H. Harrison, secretary, 941 Lawrence Ave., or phone LO 1-6878 at the church office. The church receives a small commission on subscriptions placed through Mrs. Harrison.

EASTER LETTER

March 15, 1950

Dear Friends:

Easter again! What a tragedy it would be if Easter should ever fail to arrive. It never has yet and never will. Everywhere in nature we see its never-failing presence. We experience it in our hearts. No matter how long the winter, how dark the night, how tired the heart, how weary the soul—there is always Easter! How glad we ought to be this is so, and how grateful we should be! I am and I am sure you are; and so is our beloved Church. We all need the beauty and power of the Easter truth as never before.

We are planning a triumphant Eastertide in the Church. Holy Week (April 3 to April 7) I shall be speaking in the Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark St., every noon at 12:10, and every evening at 8 o'clock in the Church. On Easter Sunday (April 9) there will be four beautiful services with unusual music at all services—9 a.m.—11 a.m.—3:30 p.m.—7:30 p.m.

Our Church always depends on you for a generous Easter offering. We carry on charity work during every week in the year. The demands are now increasing. I wish you knew how deeply we appreciate your Easter gifts.

This letter carries my Easter greeting to you as I express my unbounded appreciation for your loyalty, encouragement and support. This will be my 38th Easter with you and may it be a happy and joyful one for you, our church, our country and our world.

Gratefully your friend and Pastor,

Preston Bradley

EASTER

Lord, now that Spring is in the world,
And every tulip is a cup
Filled with the wine of Thy great love,
Lift Thou me up.

Raise Thou my heart as flowers rise
To greet the glory of Thy day,
With soul as clean as lilies are,
And white as they.

Let me not fear the darkness now,
Since Life and Light break through Thy tomb;
Teach me that doubts no more oppress,
No more consume.

Show me that Thou art April, Lord,
And Thou the flowers and the grass;
Then, when awake the soft Spring winds,
I'll hear Thee pass!

(From "The Master of Men"
Anthology of Thomas Curtis Clark) Charles Hanson Towne

WOMAN'S CLUB TO SPONSOR GREAT CONCERT BY CHICAGO BOYS' CLUBS

The Woman's Club of the Peoples Church will sponsor a concert by a chorus of several hundred boys on Sunday evening, April 16th, in the Peoples Church.

This chorus will consist of the combined choruses from ten Chicago Boys Clubs throughout the city, under the direction of Mr. Ramon Girvin, musical director of the Chicago Boys Club.

The entire proceeds from this concert will go to the Uptown Boys Club which serves the area of the city in which the Peoples Church is located.

This is the first time the north side of Chicago will have an opportunity to hear this great chorus of boys. Judging by the program given by members of this chorus for the Woman's Club at their February 6th meeting, and by their enthusiastic director, Mr. Girvin, who spoke at the same meeting, no one should miss this opportunity.

NORWEGIAN SINGING SOCIETY GIVES BENEFIT CONCERT IN PEOPLES CHURCH

On Sunday afternoon, February 26th, the Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club was privileged to present the famous Norwegian Singing Society, directed by Knute Hansen, in a very beautiful concert in the auditorium of the Peoples Church.

This great chorus of 60 voices was assisted by the brilliant young Norwegian duo, Auden Raonan, pianist, and Gunnar Savig, violinist.

The proceeds were given to the Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club, a service in which the Professional and Business Woman's Club is greatly interested. Miss Ruth Kruskopf is president of the Auxiliary.

A VERNAL CREED

I believe in the wistful rays of the climbing sun as it mounts to its throne in the southern sky, being confident that it obeys a higher law than its own.

I believe in the loamy workers, the earth worms toiling in the dark, as they set about with sublime confidence to prepare a cradle for seeds.

I believe in the irresistible faith of the buds, swelling with the assurance that great possibilities are wrapped up within their tiny folds.

I believe in the birds and their unerring trust in the instinct that guides them over perilous paths back again to their nests of yesteryear.

I believe in the secret springs stirring in the hillsides; for they are nervous with the hope of finding the distant sea.

I believe in the kneeling hillsides. where is laid a prayer-carpet of silken grass, that all the world may come and pray.

I believe in the raw winds, chilling the air, thus giving tiny roots a chance to sink deeply and securely into the ground that they may be enabled to bear the responsibility of growth.

I believe in the miracle of the resurrection everywhere apparent for it assures me that Life is triumphant, and that death is but another phase of Life.

And whatsoever more I believe is enshrined in the feeling that I, even as all else, am a part of an Unseen Presence that makes the birds sing, flowers bloom, and grass grow. This presence is my God; and so, I will trust with all my heart!

—Argow

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

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EDITORIAL

THE whole idea of Easter to me, is associated with the great ideas of all time; from the very beginning of man's thinking man has speculated deeply on the continuity of life. He has developed philosophy after philosophy based upon what life has done to him. He has constructed schools of thinking which have commanded his loyalties for which he has bravely and heroically died. Man has been building a philosophy and an attitude toward this great experience of life. But what are these ideas and thoughts that come leaping through our minds on this day of such triumphant pageantry and imagery?

If we are thinking of this earth as some great mechanism turned loose by some inexplicable force to obey the laws of physics until the final and complete annihilation and disaster, if that is the attitude toward the universe, what has the fact of Easter to say about that? How can this mind of man stand up against the Easter reality? If it is only an uncontrollable destiny which we have, better we had not been born; better that there had never been a single dream or a single hope; better that the human creative spirit that sought to capture beauty and love had never felt the imperative of either; better the night and the dark and oblivion. But on this day the rationalization of men's minds finds a resistance in the heart of man in the presence of the fact that the universe itself is a re-creating institution operating under the divine principle of intelligent creation and when the physical limitations of a materialistic mind seek to tell us of the answer we suddenly hear "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" and the arguments of the materialist and the formulas of the scientist and the creeds of the dogmatist become little unimportant things as we read into the structure of life a divine purpose for life.

To me, the most significant fact which can lodge in the consciousness of any of us on this Easter Day is the sublime and almost inexpressible truth that the soul of man, no matter what the darkness and the hate and the intrigue and the heartaches of life do, is a part of the divine order. I think

that is the very heart and soul of the Easter truth. We are not in a mechanistic world which is run by the principles of pure materialism; we are in a world in which every groan and agony of civilization which it has passed through is an affirmation that a tomb shall be broken and that an empire cannot confine man in dark imprisonment against the illumination of the soul; that the selfish, greedy, ambitious men and nations cannot keep that stone in front of the tomb. They think they can, yet the tragedy of Good Friday is the tragedy of an assumed finality. Every soldier who participated in the death of Jesus thought he had finished something. Every Roman officer, Pilate and Caiaphas, every high priest, every Pharisee and every Sadducee, every one of them that had to do with this ghastly deed experienced what he thought was the compensation of finality. "Now we have killed him and he is dead!" That is what evil always thinks. *THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT KILL THE TRUTH! THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT DESTROY LOVE!* There is no power that anyone can use, no matter what they think or what they try, *there is no power that can destroy love.*

That is what Easter says to the human heart, and against this background of a purposeful universe in which we live is also the revelation of Easter as to the magnitude of God himself and of Love itself. How it deepens and changes our whole attitude when we see that open tomb. A resurrected Christ is conclusive evidence that he was unfinished in his task. Men don't live again if their work is done. His task was incomplete, there was something else to be done. There was work yet to be done.

Thou Christ of Easter Day, it is not the creeds, the ceremonies of the Church that affirm Thy Godlikeness, it is not our bedecked bodies, it is not even the joy of our hearts that we know something happens that makes life different. No, there is work to be done, Thy work. So walk from the altars of the Resurrection Morn, great and powerful Christ, who could meet the passion of death; walk out of the open church doors into the streets, avenues, lanes, highways and byways, Thou Galilean Conqueror; Thou dost not need to worry now; there is nothing that can hurt Thee any more. Walk the highways of the world, Galilean poet! Walk into the council of the men of nations, shame them by Thy presence, sit down at the green-covered tables of the world's diplomacy, walk into the portals of the White House, sit down, and when the time comes *ARISE* in a United States Senate, and United States House of Representatives. *SPEAK WITH THE SAME AUTHORITY AND IN THE VOICE THOU DIDST HAVE WHEN WIND AND WAVES OBEYED THEE AND THE STORMS OF LIFE CEASED AND THE QUIET CAME! THOU HAST WON, GALILEAN!* All the fire of hell can pull and gnaw at Thy heart, Thou hast nothing to fear now, *NOTHING!*

And Easter is only true in your life and mine if we say we will follow that Christ. We cannot leave the burden alone on him. Are we ready to do that? Does He have command of the full loyalties of your life? I wonder. It is not Easter if He has not.

It is rather interesting on this Easter morn, and it is appropriately beautiful, that the first one on Easter morn at the tomb was a woman. She had the courage. She was the first one at the tomb on this Easter day. She did not permit anything, the cruelty, the hate, the misunderstanding, to keep her heart from her Lord. *LOVE IS NEVER AFRAID! LOVE CANNOT STOP*

TO SAY "WHAT WILL THEY THINK? WHAT WILL THEY SAY? WHAT WILL THEY DO?" Mary cried "Master! Teacher!" and that was enough. That is in the Easter story too. A little beautiful thing in the Easter message that we have all forgotten, the loveliness, the indestructible beauty of love.

I hope that you will find in the day the fulfillment and the completion of every beautiful thing; I hope that all your disappointments will turn into realizations; I hope that every loveless heart will find love and every friendless life will find friends. My Easter wish for the world is PEACE, PEACE, Peace for His world, and we could have peace so easily, so simply. I wish peace for my world. I wish Easter for every heart, for every life, that is my Easter wish, it is my Easter prayer.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

BACK of most every life is the subtle ambition to be important. So when a person gets hold of something he thinks no one else knows, that adds to his ego. After you have been told something confidential, the question comes up, "Do you believe that?" How many people have bandied the word about that Margaret O'Brien is a midget? I have heard people argue about it. And when Shirley Temple was a little girl in England, she brought suit for several thousand dollars because a newspaper intimated that Shirley Temple was a midget. And a lot of people just bandy rumors like that. Not long ago I heard one to the effect that Irving Berlin couldn't write a word of music and hadn't written a word of music he was supposed to have written. Somebody started that story and there wasn't a word of truth in it! A first-class, brutal, unkind lie, repeated by the kind of people who are never happier inside than when they are hurting someone else. Rumors! In the presence of hearsay that on the surface appears not to possess one single iota of reality, I think our first attitude ought to be, "Where did you get your information?" "Why do you say that?" "What is the basis for that remark, or that conclusion or that deduction?" If that could be asked in an era in which much vicious propaganda is sweeping the world, disturbing so tragically international relations and understanding, what do you think would happen?

One of the wisest of all the minds in what we call civilization was the great mind of Socrates. Socrates anticipated the time would come in a democratic society when the sources of information would be so polluted that the people would begin to accept lies as true; and when an individual or a people begin to accept a lie as a truth, there is only disaster ahead for that individual and for society. The oldest question which the mind of man has ever faced has been this question: "What is truth?" He has been trying to decide and trying to discover what is the truth. And I am not going to listen to anyone, any newspaper, any editorial, any commentator, any minister, any priest, any Rabbi, any lecturer, anybody in this fragile hour—they are not going to sway me a fraction of an inch, if I am convinced that the reason for their opinion, their arguments or their statements can be found in a carefully nurtured self-interest. They are not going to sway me in a world in the precarious

situation this world is in, without convincing me that they are thoroughly grounded and unimpeachably equipped with an understanding of historical processes and that what they say, whether it be in government, in education, in religion, in politics or in anything else, is inspired by a sincere effort to get at the truth.

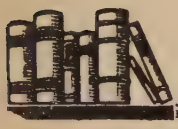
It is too late by the clock of human history now to have the public swayed into moments of hysteria or depression by those who are motivated by self-interest. The most difficult question before the world still is, "What is truth?" So the next time you are in a little group and someone starts to mouth some of these innuendoes about nations, about personalities, just quietly say to them: "How do you know that what you are saying is true?" "What is the basis for your saying that?" You will see how the atmosphere will change. If the inquiring reporter ever asks me what is my pet peeve, I shall have no difficulty at all in answering him. My pet peeve is the kind of person who insists on telling you something for your own good. I don't impugn their motives, but deliver me from that kind of person. I have seen it happen so many times that the person who comes and tells you something for your own good manifests a sort of self-satisfied, sanctimonious, smug attitude while doing it. No matter what circumstances arise, smug people always effect the attitude that they are right! I like people who can be wrong once in awhile. Smug people always say, "I hate to tell you this." Why, they couldn't wait till they told you; they were restless. I can forgive all the weaknesses of human nature except that malicious attitude where one enjoys seeing another suffer. That has been in the background of 90% of the world's ills. It has been true down through the ages, where individuals, members of society, could enjoy watching the suffering of another. Let us ask, carefully and deliberately, "What is true? Let us have the truth first."

In that connection I shall never forget a man I once knew, who had one of the finest characters I have ever known, fundamentally and basically. One time in a lodge room, a certain member was under accusation for some defect of character. This man sat in that lodge room and heard the indictment, in which the happiness of twelve different people were involved. That man's attitude was the direct antithesis of those who had brought the prosecution and it reversed the atmosphere of that room, until through his handling of that specific problem he saved unutterable tragedy. He started what he had to say with the question, "What is the truth, gentlemen? You have brought rumors and sidelights. You have said this and that. Do you know, gentlemen, how much of it is true?" And those who were the accusers had to admit that they didn't know what was true and what wasn't. And so this gentleman very quietly and with great dignity said: "That must come first. There is no issue here now except that. What is true? That we shall discover and work on for one month; then we will come back and listen to the accusation."

That month took reality from unreality and found the vicious influence that was working against that man and was responsible for the situation; and tragedy was averted, because someone wanted to know what was true. And my friendship with that man deepened. Never would he permit anyone in his presence to scar or hurt another; never; and he died honored, a distinguished character. That's the technique. That's the first thing to do. What is true? After you have asked the question, "Is it true?" even if it is,

is it always wise to repeat it? Even truth, carelessly handled, can be equivalent in its destruction to a lie. There comes a time even when silence is the better way. Silence, to guard, to cherish, to protect. To avoid the mutilation of a human life. The man who turns the switch in the electric chair can kill the body. The man who dangles the rope at the end of a hangman's platform can destroy the body; but there is no power in the world, not one, that can stop the momentum of a bruised life; for you can kill the body, but you can't kill the life. Be careful of a glibness when it stabs into the mortal wound of another. If we can't find something good to say, even of the vile, let's remain silent. For even the silence may be the constructive way which will result in the building of a life!

P. B.



BOOK CHATS

AT THE beginning of the Lenten Season, I wish to commend our Chicago newspapers, one of which is publishing in serial form, Thomas a' Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," another Fulton Oursler's "The Greatest Story Ever Told," and still another Dr. Daniel A. Poling's "Faith Is Power—For You." My readers will, I am sure, remember that it was Dr. Poling's son who, in 1943, was one of the four chaplains (one a Catholic, one Jewish and two Protestants) who went down with the "Dorchester" that dark Friday night, 90 miles off the coast of Greenland, after giving away, with utter disregard of self, their life-jackets to four men who were without them. The chaplains stood hand in hand, praying for the safety of those men who were leaving the stricken ship on all sides of them. Dr. Daniel Poling, the father, wrote the book "Your Daddy Did Not Die," for the benefit of the two children of his son Clark. Dr. Poling is Editor of the Christian Herald Magazine, Chaplain of the Interfaith Memorial, Chapel of Four Chaplains; President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union and former pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York, later becoming senior minister of the Baptist Temple of Philadelphia. He is perhaps the most influential and active Protestant Minister today.

In his latest book, which he calls "Faith Is Power—For You," Dr. Poling tells of his experiences with prayer and of how prayer concretely helped men and women of all walks of life in their hour of need. The book is filled with Dr. Poling's own experiences with the faith he has so stanchly believed in, and which he has so eloquently transmitted to thousands of grateful admirers. There are stories told to him by many people, great and small, with whom he came in contact on his many trips all over the world; exciting and important stories of the power of prayer. Dan Poling had occasion in both World Wars to help and console our fighting men in battle and out. He is a Protestant leader of long standing and has met and shared prayer experiences with men and women of all faiths. Out of this wealth of experience has come this book; the story of his faith and of the faith of his friends

and acquaintances. During the last war Dr. Poling was selected by the churches of America to go to Australia as a "Spiritual Ambassador of Good Will," and to interpret the spiritual ideals of America to religious leaders and citizens there.

In a chapter of the book which Dr. Poling calls "An Inheritance," he says: "In the first paragraph of this book I wrote that I had a sense of mission: 'to share with others a reality that through all the varying fortunes of life has never failed.' In these pages I am opening my heart, baring my soul, putting down the most sacred things because I know that for all who have burdens too great for them to bear alone, prayer can be your answer as it has been and is mine, because I know that you too may have Peace with Power." And then Dr. Poling adds, "This book is a story—or rather many stories—and the purpose is not to convince, though the purpose will fail if conviction does not follow. But the single purpose is to share with others an experience made up of many experiences that gathers momentum through the years. To share, and in sharing to hope and indeed pray that the story itself will persuade those who read to test the formula and make it their own: 'Ask and it shall be given you.' "

In speaking of miracles, and man's belief in them, Dr. Poling says this: "Even scientists have recorded and seriously regarded happenings for which there were no satisfactory explanations. They seemed, at least, to be quite beyond the operation of any natural law. . . . But God is also a God of law and not limited now or ever by man's knowledge or lack of knowledge of law." Then he tells us that in March, 1941, the Readers' Digest printed a remarkable confession of faith written by Alexis Carrel, M. D., of the Rockefeller Laboratories, one of the world's most distinguished scientists. . . . "I talked with him," says Dr. Poling, "about these and other associated matters included in his widely circulated book 'Man, the Unknown.' Dr. Carrel wrote of prayer only indirectly, but inclusively of the miracle. Prayer was also his way, not only to the miracle, but to Peace with Power. . . . Dr. Carrel said that he was interested now in man's immortal spirit. He referred to one of the last statements of Charles Steinmetz, who said that the great discoveries of the future would be in the realm of the spirit; and Dr. Carrel concluded that if he could find eleven men as sefless as those who followed the Man of Galilee, he, with them, could accomplish now a revolution in human affairs as vast as that which was wrought by the disciples, their contemporaries and successors.

Dr. Carrel's article first published in the Readers' Digest was later printed in the Congressional Record of the Second Session of the Eightieth Congress. I shall quote a small portion of it: "Prayer is not only worship, it is also an invisible emanation of man's worshipping spirit—the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as demonstrable as that of secreting glands. Its results can be measured in terms of increased physical buoyancy, greater intellectual vigor, moral stamina, and a deeper understanding of the realities underlying human relationships. . . . Within the depth of consciousness a flame kindles. . . . As a physician I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer. It is the only power in the world that seems to overcome the so-called laws of nature; the occasions on which prayer has dramatically done this have been termed miracles. . . . Too many people regard

prayer as a formalized routine of words, a refuge for weaklings, or a childish petition for material things. We sadly undervalue prayer when we conceive it in these terms, just as we should underestimate rain by describing it as something that fills the bird bath in our garden. Properly understood," says Dr. Carrel, "prayer is a mature activity indispensable to the fullest development of personality—the ultimate integration of man's highest faculties. Only in prayer do we achieve that complete and harmonious assembly of body, mind, and spirit which gives the frail human reed its unshakable strength." Then Dr. Carrel, in this great quotation which Dr. Poling has included in his book, goes on to explain how he believes prayer fortifies one with dynamic power. "That we seek to augment our finite energy by addressing ourselves to the infinite source of all energy and we thus link ourselves with the inexhaustible motive power that spins the universe." May I suggest, as we begin the Lenten Season, that each one seek out and read some worthwhile literature that will strengthen his spirit.

* * *

It seems to me very fitting in the Lenten season that I should bring to your attention a book with the appealing title, "Above All Nations." It is not my aim always to bring to your attention some book just off the press. This particular book was published nearly a year ago, yet no doubt many of you missed reading it. Some things that are good and some that are bad are bound up in the implications of nationalism. When the tragic Second World War came to a close, we began to work with, to think and talk about the United Nations. Here is a little book of 189 pages called "Above All Nations."

The book is a compilation in which four people worked together: George Catlin, Vera Brittain, Sheila Hodges and Gert Spindler. The idea back of it makes it worth a great deal. The book was begun during the war, by Vera Brittain and her husband, George Catlin, at the request of Victor Gollanz. Later they found that Gert Spindler had been doing much the same thing in Germany and Devere Allen in America, so the project was literally "above all nations." Never before has such a record of the heroes of goodwill been assembled, for it is a compilation of stories of kindness, love and heroism between individuals of enemy armies. We have no idea, I am sure, of the extent to which specific acts of mercy and human understanding were performed in the peril and stress of combat. Yet we do know that so intense is the instinct for co-operation among members of the human race that one of war's personnel problems was the urge toward fraternization with the foe. The drive toward fellowship exists between peoples of all lands.

There are nine divisions in the book, with many stories under each division, and because the stories are short, there is a great variety of experience covered by this little book, which is really cheering reading for anyone who believes in peace and brotherhood. There are 200 true stories in the book, of man's humanity to man. People of different nations are thrown together in unpredictable circumstances, and the stories show to what height compassion and imagination can rise in the midst of brutality. And in no other way could it be shown so clearly that men are men, no matter what their flag.

There is the story of a flyer who bailed out from his blazing plane on the Marshall Islands, and would have been dead had it not been for the lone Jap who nursed him and befriended him. Two of them alone on a diminutive island, speaking to each other in

languages which neither could understand. Yet they became such friends and comrades that when later on, the Marines landed and shot the little Jap on sight, the befriended flyer, lying there on his back, cried like a baby. The little Jap was bringing him food when the Marines shot the brown-skinned befriender of their buddy. Mr. Kreuzer, for that was the flyer's name, asked the Marines to get for him the rosary worn by the little Jap—a rosary made of cocoa beads, and the picture of "Yum Yum," the Jap's sweetheart. They had said the rosary together each evening, the Jap leading in Japanese, and Mr. Kreuzer answering in English. "You can never trust one of those little yellow swine," said one of the Marines; "and of course he was right (said Kreuzer), so right that I could never hope to tell him how dead wrong he really was."

The famous Rockefeller Foundation included this extraordinary statement in its 1942 Report: "An American soldier wounded on a battlefield in the Far East owes his life to the Japanese scientist, Kitasato, who isolated the bacillus of tetanus. A Russian soldier saved by a blood transfusion is indebted to Landsteiner, an Austrian. A German is shielded from typhoid fever with the help of a Russian, Metchnikoff. A Dutch Marine in the East Indies is protected from malaria because of the experiments of an Italian, Grassi; while a British aviator in North Africa escapes death from surgical infection because a Frenchman, Pasteur, and a German, Koch, elaborated a new technique.

"In peace as in war we are beneficiaries of knowledge contributed by every nation in the world. Our children are protected from diphtheria by what a Japanese and a German did; they are protected from smallpox by the work of an Englishman; they are saved from rabies because of a Frenchman; they are cured of pellagra through the researches of an Austrian. From birth to death they are surrounded by an invisible host—the spirits of men who never thought in terms of flags or boundary lines and who never served a lesser loyalty than the welfare of mankind."

This book, "Above All Nations," reached a sale of over 60,000 copies in England. American incidents of wartime mercy and co-operation, across the barriers of nationalism and conflict were of necessity recorded sketchily in the British volume, hence an American edition was called for and as Mr. Devere Allen went about the job of gathering fresh additional material, it was incomparably more difficult to find, in the secular press of the United States, reports of similar humane acts; although religious papers on our side of the Atlantic had printed numerous reliable stories, both during and after the war, such accounts have been extremely rare in the daily papers. He claims that abundant stories were published, in the heat of conflict, through bombings and deep personal bereavement, by the press of Britain; and that this volume shows the American soldiers were no less moved to compassion and human comradeship than were those of other countries; yet one looked almost in vain to the American press for the reporting of such kindly, generous deeds.

Mr. Gollanz, its British publisher, in a foreword, says: "Hope must come, if it is to come at all, from faith: the faith that in every human being some goodness is latent, and that in the fulness of time—it may be after a few generations, it may be in ten thousand years—this goodness must surely issue in an international society worthy of our human dignity and pride."

Now I quote from an Australian padre, writing on his experiences as a

prisoner of war: "How can you feel hostile to a group of guards who ask you to hold their fish (and their rifles) while they get off the train to get you a cup of tea, and who then miss the train, leaving you to eat their fish and nurse their rifles? And you cannot feel altogether hostile to a policeman who undresses in his office to show you his pretty uniform. Sometimes, it is true, the real Blackshirts come along, and then the atmosphere becomes severely impersonal. But that's rare. More often, I think, we have come to think of our jailers as a group of individuals—Toni, Marco, Mario, Guiseppe—the simple-minded victims of a brutal system they have allowed to come to power. I don't know if it's good politics, but it happens." I think this is a book none of us should miss. It is well to read the human side of all humanity, for only as we believe in peace and brotherhood can we ever bring it into existence.

Read these words of St. Francis of Assisi in his famous prayer:

"Lord, make me an
Instrument of your peace!

Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
Where there is injury, pardon,
Where there is doubt, faith;
Where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light;
Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant
That I may not so much seek
To be consoled, as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved, as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
It is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THERE is a beautiful snowstorm outside the Study windows as I write the Mail Bag this morning. Do you recall the crystal balls that have a miniature snowstorm inside when they are shaken or turned over? It is just that dry, feathery snow, with snowflakes all the same size, and so pretty one can hardly resist watching it. In the midst of a snowstorm, it is so hard to realize Easter is just around the corner and Dr. Bradley is planning for the services during Holy Week, the Easter Letter is in the mail, and we have had two fashion shows at the church.

Much as I would like to write about Easter, the Anniversary of our little magazine, The Liberalist, is foremost in my mind this month, for with the April number, we celebrate twenty-six years of continuous publication of our church magazine.

As I write, I have before me the

bound volume containing the twelve numbers of that first year's publication. On the cover of the April, 1924 number is a picture of the Pantheon Theatre, "Sheridan Road near Wilson Avenue, The Home of The Peoples Church, One of the Largest and Most Beautiful Theatre Auditoriums in America." Thumbing through the pages of the bound volume I find on page 18 of the March, 1925, number, a picture of the "Proposed Temple of the Peoples Church."

Picking up the second volume of our magazines, which at that time we called "The Liberal," in the July number of that year, 1925, I see an article headed "Breaking of Ground Service," giving a very complete description of the breaking of the ground for the structure which was to rise—the structure in which we now worship and which we love. Included in the description is Dr. Bradley's prayer which he gave at that time, and because it contains his hopes and desires for the church, I am going to repeat it here:

"Infinite Spirit of Love and of Life, in the beauty of the out-of-doors, reflecting the glory of Thy love in our hearts upon this which is to be the abiding place of the temple for our church home, we dedicate this spot, we re-dedicate our hearts, we consecrate our lives to the great task which is before us in the years that are to come.

"We are grateful to Thee, O Spirit of Truth, for the loyalty and the love and the friendship of these dear friends all during these past years; we are glad for their support and glad for their encouragement; and now may each of us out of the beauty of this service together—our farewell meeting for the year—take heart and courage.

"Infinitely enrich this Peoples Church. May it stand as a House of Prayer for all peoples and for all nations. May we have malice toward none. May we have charity for all. And as it rises, stone upon stone, may it become a power in the city of Chicago for Liberality and Truth, for Freedom of Religion and Religious Thought, and for all that makes up the high character and the noble splendor of lofty living.

"Bless us all, and may our deeds this moment be written in that great Book of Life where all men of all faiths and of all nations shall have the privilege of reading.

"All of this we ask in the Spirit of Truth and Love and Life. Amen."

Beginning with the September number, 1925, the picture of the new church as it was to look when finished, was carried on the inside of the front cover of "The Liberal." And thus was the dream and the goal kept constantly before us.

Picking up Volume 3 of "The Liberal," I note in the May number, The Peoples Church is still listed as at the Pantheon Theatre, 4650 Sheridan Road; but in the June number—"The Peoples Church"—"Uptown Temple" —"Lawrence Ave. Near Sheridan Road" appears for the first time, though the last service held in the Pantheon Theatre was on June 13th, with the theatre filled to overflowing.

Following through "The Liberal" I find the record of Dedication Sunday, October 10, 1926, in our own church, our very own building, at 941 Lawrence Avenue. In writing of that service in the October, 1926 Liberal, Dr. Bradley says: "I was thrilled to the depths of my soul as I looked out upon the great audience."

With the May, 1930, number we changed the name of our church magazine from "The Liberal" to "The Liberalist," which it has been called ever since.

Merely noting these dates and events

does not, of course, give any idea of the spirit and the emotions back of the work and the progress. I only mention this much of the record to show how beautifully this little magazine of ours maintains a running record of the life and growth of The Peoples Church. To glance through the pages, month by month and year by year, is to live over again the joys, the difficulties, the trials and the triumphs of a lifetime of service in the work we both love.

With this April number, 1950, "The Liberalist" completes twenty-six years of its life and enters into its twenty-seventh year. May the coming year of its life be a blessed, fruitful year. May inspiration go out from its pages into many homes and into many hearts—into hospital rooms, into prison cells and the wards of institutions. May those words of inspiration carry liberating thoughts that will lift its readers from whatever may be imprisoning their minds and bodies so that no doors can longer shut them out or shut them in, but may their spirits be lifted into freer air and larger opportunities. Good luck, good news and good reading from "The Liberalist" pages for the coming year!

* * *

Our first letter which comes from the Mail Bag is from Mrs. Grace M. Tencate, of Chicago:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: A stranger in your midst and myself attended your Church Sunday morning, and I can't tell you how much we enjoyed your service. It was really one of your best services and sermons. I enjoyed your statements so much in regard to adolescence, as I have raised three boys and also boarded a boy in my home who wasn't my own, and really had them all alone during the adolescent age, as my boys were not only products of divorce, but later on and after they came home from service, we were also products of the housing situation.

"They had all of these things to face during their adolescence, but they still did not become bitter and did make pretty good adjustments in spite of everything. They were all working at sixteen years of age, and in fact bought their own radios, bicycles and first suits of clothes and cars with money they earned themselves, as I do feel that part of a child's education is teaching them to be practical and the value of a dollar. They say, and I believe it, 'Take a boy and raise him well until he is sixteen and you won't have to worry about the rest of the years.'

"I had also listened to your program over WGN Friday evening for the second time and was very much amazed to hear you quote the enclosed poem on 'Youth.' That and the enclosed poem on 'Mother' were two of my favorites. In fact I had even typewritten a copy of 'Youth' and had pinned it on the Bulletin Board at our Lodge for others to read. The other poem on 'Mother' and another one on 'A Gentleman' I used to pin on my sons' bedroom walls for them to read daily.

"May you long continue to carry on your great work with strength, courage and inner guidance as an inspiration to others. Very respectfully, Grace M. Tencate."

* * *

After reading the above encouraging letter about youth's ability to conquer its battles with life, I appropriately give you a very fine letter from a young lady of 23:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Listening to you, as I have this morning, I often wonder if you could possibly realize the harmony and content you bring into our troubled world. Your inspiration is of great value.

"I am a girl of 23 years of age. I can't speak for everyone, but I can judge from my own experience how

much good you do for others. My mother and father took me as a little girl (before your church was built) to the vast auditorium I can remember, where standing at the pulpit a man would get so involved in his sermon, he would shout. Sometimes I think even though I was rather too young to understand, those shouts vibrated in my little brain, and must have aroused curiosity to learn to understand something that could make any human being get so excited. Now, so many years later, when I believe I understand your texts more fully, can I appreciate your genius and application for understanding troubled hearts.

"It seems in your service you preach in such a manner that each remark, meant for all, allows every person to apply it to their own problems. You make all realize their own selfishness, and if each of us would look a little farther than the tip of our own nose, you would accomplish a miracle, because you may multiply the result by all the millions I'm sure listen to you.

"I never cease to wonder when I hear what you've been doing, where you get time to read books for your book reviews, a moment to read the newspaper to allow yourself to form opinions on world affairs, time to look for poems and literature for each and every lecture, speech and sermon, of which there are so many, and still have time for your home and family. Honestly, does your wife ever see you?

"I have never met you personally, and judge entirely from seeing and hearing you. This may be a poor means of determining, but if a person such as you can do by this means any little thing and influence a person to be just a little better, he truly must be fine himself.

"Knowing full well from the sound of your voice this morning how deeply you felt, please believe me, we as your listeners, appreciated your morning services even more than usual. As you said a long time ago, we expect you to be at the pulpit under any circumstances, but believe me, those times we who love you can really see the great endurance you must have, for we all lean on you. Even when you're weak of heart, you're essentially stronger and continue to give of yourself to us who are weak. I think though, that with each new experience of life we grow stronger.

"I enclose an offering from my mother and myself.

"I hope this letter helps to give you some of the inspiration you so readily give to each and every one of us constantly. Sincerely, (Miss) Shirley Matteson."

* * *

Because we do not often have a purely humorous letter to share with you, Dr. Bradley and I thought perhaps you would enjoy this letter from the Duke of Paducah (Mr. H. R. Walker, of Durand and Rockford), whose contributions to the "Wake of the News" you have without a doubt often seen and read:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I can't resist awarding you first prize (A used 'Tucker' car) for affording the laugh of the week when you said: 'Tomorrow the Women's Club will *prevent* a Fashion Show by Martha.' A wonderful thought, *and more power to them!*

"Nevertheless, the sermon was grand, and were I to write your epitaph, I would say: 'To a man who never let success go to his head; (only to his heart.)'

"Tuesday I speak before the Rockford Kiwanis Club and anything can—and probably will—happen! Sincerely, The Duke."

* * *

I am going to close with this lovely

thought about silent prayer:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I surely appreciate your emphasis upon the value of silent prayer. I remember a service which I attended twenty years ago at an old Spanish Mission in New Mexico. The old Padre maintained a period of silent prayer. The silence was so complete that I could hear the people breathe. The effect of it was clearly evident to all the congregation, which consisted mostly of illiterate Indians and Mexicans.

"I appreciate the privilege of attending your service. Very sincerely, Charles Palmer."

* * *

May Easter dawn in all our hearts and over all the world with a new and better hope than ever before for a world of Love and Peace!

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

"We Do Know"

(*Continued from page* 5)

is temporarily clouded, obscured, is still shining in that sky. I cannot see it but something deep in my soul tells me with unimpeachable authority "It is there, the sky and the sun!" *TRUTH AND BEAUTY AND CHRIST ARE THERE, AND THERE IS NO TOMB DEEP ENOUGH, THERE IS NO CROSS CRUEL ENOUGH TO KILL CHRIST! EASTER IS THE ETERNAL SPRINGTIME OF THE HUMAN SOUL, ONE WITH ITS DREAMS, ONE WITH ITS HOPES! YOU ARE IMMORTAL AND WE CAN ALL SING ON AN EASTER MORNING "HALLELUJAH, THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH!*

ECCLESIASTICAL THERAPY

FREDERICK R. GRIFFIN

(Minister Emeritus, First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.)

There are times when churches and denominations are like individuals in their need of pastoral care. Churches have fears and discouragements, conflicts and perplexities, dissensions and divisions. When this is the condition, prophecy is not enough. In fact, where the free mind principle widely prevails, prophecy may add to the conflicts and divisions, and thus decrease the well-being of the whole.

There is no room for compromise or weak silence. But there is room for changed attitudes and interests through which the usefulness of the church will be increased, and profit gained from the diversity of prophecies.

Here enters pastoral care, with its assumption that right attitudes and occupations will order the mind and heart of the church for effective living. Pastoral care aims to strengthen trust and

faith, courage and good will. It faces the defects and shortcomings of mind and spirit, and for remedy prescribes a way of life. It prescribes occupational therapy, which is a medicine for churches and denominations as well as for individuals.

During recent years the most potent force for the promotion of unity and healthy-mindedness in our Unitarian denomination has been the Unitarian Service Committee, and the part which we all have played in it. We did not initiate the Service Committee as ecclesiastical therapy, but it has been exactly that. Without it, our perplexities would be more numerous, and our unity greatly weakened.

There is agreement among us that the Sermon on the Mount still remains the law and the gospel of mature and civilized living. But it should be noted that the Sermon on the Mount has nothing to say about the controversial subjects which detract from the unity and effectiveness of our denominational life, whereas it has much to say about occupations which encourage healthy minds and spirits. Following the Sermon on the Mount would not cause us to neglect prophecy, but it would enable us to use prophecy without loss of unity.

Churches and denominations should exemplify the graces and virtues which they recommend to the people in the pews. They should be trustful and unselfish. They should speak the truth in love, be reverent, patient, forbearing. The best-known way to do all this is to put first things first, to cultivate a right spirit, and to do the will of God.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

1—Radio Address. WGN
Attended Midland Society of Authors. Ricardo's.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

2—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Old Timers' Baseball Assn. Grand Ball Room. Stevens Hotel.

3—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Convention, Hybrid Corn Assn. Illinois Hotel, Bloomington, Ill.

5—Two Services. Peoples Church.

6—Radio Address. WGN

7—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Brookwood Country Club

8—Radio Address. WGN
Book Review. Peoples Church

9—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Retail Hardware Convention, Auditorium, Milwaukee, Wis.

10—Radio Address. WGN

12—Two Services. Peoples Church

13—Radio Address. WGN

14—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record. WGN
Address. Men's Club, Plymouth Congregational Church, Whiting, Ind.
Radio Address. (El. Tr.)

15—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Johnson Motor Co., Sales Agents, Grand Ballroom, Stevens

Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Men's Club. Temple Sholom

16—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Whiteside County Farm Bureau, Coliseum, Sterling, Ill.

17—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record. WGN
Address. Hammond High School, First Meth. Church

19—Two Services. Peoples Church
Address. North Side Brotherhood Meeting. Senn High School. (Evening. Civic Brotherhood Service, Peoples Church)

20—Cut record. WJJD
Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Cut record. United Broadcasting
Address. Town Hall Meeting High School, Naperville, Ill.

21—Radio Address. WGN
Invocation. Nat'l Assn. Retail Clothiers, Grand Ballroom, Palmer House

22—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
Cut record. WGN
Board Meeting Peoples Church
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address, Hollywood B'nai Brith Temple. Symposium

23—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Assembly. Steinmetz High School
2nd Address. Steinmetz H. S.

24—Radio Address. WGN

26—Two Services. Peoples Church

27—Radio Address. WGN

28—Radio Address. WGN
Assembly. Washington High School, Milwaukee, Wis.
Address. Milwaukee Rotary Club Hotel Astor
Assembly. Address. Bayview High School, Milwaukee, Wis.

FUNERALS

2—Louis F. Schutte
7—Herbert Van Mesick
8—Elizabeth Whitman
11—Pierre Brin
13—Van E. Purcey
14—Mrs. Elizabeth Farnham
15—Mrs. Armin Bauer
18—Mrs. E. C. Giaciolli
20—Mrs. James Patterson
Simon H. Cripe
Mrs. Hannah Anderson
23—Mrs. Elvera W. Oberg
27—John Salling
Edward H. Neu
Anna Norman
Miss Marie Beaumont

WEDDINGS

4—Pansy Dawes and Robert E. Arnet
5—Florence Rike and Albert Levy
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